

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

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BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1932.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

LEGION COUNCIL TAKES UP MATTER OF ALLEGED STATEMENT BY JUDGE RUSSELL

Rosaline Morrill is able to be up and about the house.

Gordon Lathrop of Sanford is working in the Citizen office.

Hoyt Gunther was a business visitor in Dixfield Saturday.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Brooks have the measles.

Harry Parsons has returned to the Hapgood farm for the present.

Laforest Ellis of Dixfield is clerking in the First National store.

Fred Robertson has moved into Fred Clark's on the Mayville road.

Mrs. Lois Thurston is very sick and Mrs. Nora Marsden is caring for her.

Nora McAllister of North Lovell is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Van.

Miss Faye Sanborn of Boston is spending her Easter vacation at her home here.

B. B. Richardson and family and Alton Richardson returned to Massachusetts Friday.

Mrs. Frank A. Goddard and son Robert were in Sherbrooke last week visiting her sister.

Freddy Florette has returned to work at the Star Lunch after a number of weeks absence.

Mrs. Lucian Littlehale and her mother, Mrs. Jennie King, spent Wednesday at South Paris and Norway.

Dean Cunningham arrived by airplane Saturday. He is in town to overhaul and repair the plane at West Bethel.

Mrs. H. L. Bean and daughter Muriel are spending this week in Lewiston, guests of Mrs. Bean's daughter, Mrs. Harvey Jones.

Mrs. Merle Henderson, who has been with Mrs. John Gill for a few weeks has returned to her daughter's Mrs. Charles Morrill's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lurvey and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Van recently spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Milo McAllister of North Lovell.

Mrs. Inez Bean, Mrs. John Messer and two daughters and Laurence Bartlett of Albany and Mrs. Harry Szwain were in Norway shopping Monday.

Mrs. H. H. Brown, Mrs. Winfield Howe, and B. B. Richardson and family visited their brother Will Richardson and wife in Berlin a few days last week.

Charles Swan from Summerside, Canada is in town for a short visit. Upon his return he will be accompanied by his wife who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flint.

Bethel Farm Bureau women will meet in the Grange Hall Friday. The meeting is in charge of Miss Alice Willis, and a kitchen demonstration will be given. Miss Dora Decoster, H. A., will be present.

Funeral service for Theodore Gilbert, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brown, who passed away Sunday at the Rumford hospital, was held Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. at the home of P. C. Lapham, with Rev. R. C. Dall officiating.

The Ladies' Aid meets this Thursday afternoon. A Maine program will be presented as follows: roll call; "Facts About Maine;" business song; "State of Maine, My State of Maine;" talk, "Maine's Beauty Spots"; Mrs. Carrie French, Miss Alice Caper.

The pupils of the junior department of the Methodist Sunday school enjoyed a St. Patrick party at the home of Mrs. P. C. Lapham, Friday evening, from 7 to 9 o'clock. The time was passed with games and with stunts of various kinds. The hostess was assisted by the teachers of the department, Mrs. H. I. Bean, Mrs. R. C. Dall, Mrs. L. E. Lapham, and Mrs. T. F. Vail.

DOING A LITTLE BETTER

In the matter of fire loss, we made a better start this year than in 1931. Total estimated loss amounted to \$35,224,783 in January—\$4,365,666 less than for the same month last year.

One is thankful for small favors, and the American people are, perhaps, to be complimented on the decline. But the tragedy of the whole thing is that an absolutely unnecessary and preventable form of waste should ever have reached the point where a total of "only" \$40,000,000 in destruction in a single month marked an improvement.

That \$40,000,000, it may be observed, put to good use, would have given almost 700,000 men 20 days' employment during the month, at the rate of \$3.00 a day. It could thus have been the means of aiding about two million—on the basis of three persons to a

LEGION SHOW UNCOVERS A WEALTH OF LOCAL TALENT

At a largely attended meeting of the Oxford County Council, American Legion, held at Dixfield last week there was a discussion regarding a statement alleged to have been made by Trial Justice F. E. Russell when it is claimed that he stated that "all ex-service men are traitors to their country." Resolutions were adopted condemning the alleged statement as "untrue and ridiculous" and that his resignation as trial justice should be tendered and accepted by the Governor. It was voted to send a copy of the resolutions to the Governor.

In a statement in a Lewiston paper this week Mr. Russell said: "I would like to say briefly in regard to the matter relating to me and the American Legion mentioned in this morning's Sun that I have answered the charges and I don't propose to go into all the details of a hot discussion that followed when a Legionnaire butted into a pleasant talk about the 18th Amendment that was going on between a neighbor and myself. I am not entirely bereft of reason and of honor for the brave and suffering soldiers of the late war."

LOW COST MEALS CAN MEET ALL HEALTH REQUIREMENTS

Serving the right food three times a day is a difficult task but the burden is increased when one must make a little money go a long way, so believes Therese E. Wood, foods specialist for the Extension Service.

However, she adds, meals planned from the simple and inexpensive foods can include all the essentials. The child will get his daily milk quota, the vegetables and fruits he needs, liver for body building and red blood, cereal, bread, potatoes, rice, macaroni and so on for energy. Low cost menus include dry fruits. The dried fruits are low in price but rich in minerals, particularly iron. The vegetables in these meals are inexpensive ones which are also high in vitamins and minerals. They include cabbage, tomatoes, carrots, onions, and spinach.

RURAL PROBLEMS DISCUSSED NEXT WEEK AT ORONO

Farms and Home Week, to be held next week at Orono, as usual will be devoted principally to farm, home, and community problems. Nearly 150 speakers are listed. Sixteen organizations in the state are cooperating with the College in conducting the program. From the Milking contest held on Monday, when Bert Gould of Milo endeavored to retain his championship honors to the final banquet with the Governor speaking, the program is bound to be of interest to everyone.

A strictly new feature this year is a roadside Marketing program which is designed to give Maine residents the latest and most up-to-date information on the rapidly growing business of roadside bread and butter, and fruit for dessert.

The evening meal might well start with a milk vegetable soup sandwich made with a filling of grated raw carrot would excellently with the soup. Raw vegetable sandwiches are tasty if the vegetable is chopped or grated fine and seasoned with a little salt or salad dressing. This meal might well end up with a rice pudding made with raisins.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION ELECTS

At a recent meeting of the Bethel Library Association the following officers were elected:

President, F. E. Hanacom.

Vice-President, H. H. Hastings.

Vice-Secretary, A. E. Herrick.

Secretary, F. B. Merrill.

Treasurer, A. Van den Korekoven.

Trustees, Mrs. O. M. Mason, Mrs. J. M. Phillips, Mrs. Davis Lovejoy,

Mr. Gilbert Taft, E. G. Park, J. S.

Ritch, Dr. J. G. Gehring, Mrs. W.

Gehring, W. J. Upson, Miss Kathryn

Hanncom, Dr. R. R. Tibbetts, Mrs. S.

Blackwood, Mrs. W. C. Chapman,

and Miss Cleo Russell, K. D. Hastings.

Attendance last year reached 1,288

which is the highest on record.

Word has been received from Pomona, California, of the death of Mrs. Emma (Towne) Robinson which occurred on March 6. The Tyler P. Towne family were old residents of Bethel, and went to California over 40 years ago. Mrs. Robinson is the last of the family of seven to pass on.

Mrs. Philip Chapman entertained at bridge Friday afternoon. There were two tables at play. Highest score went to Mrs. Paul Thurston and consolation to Mrs. Arthur Richardson.

Decorations, favors and refreshments were in St. Patrick's colors. Those present were Mrs. Ruth Carver, Mrs. Verna Carter, Mrs. Heater Sanborn, Mrs. Alice Littlehale, Mrs. Erma Young, Mrs. Florence Thurston, Mrs. Catherine Richardson and the hostess.

However, to repeat, we made a bet for start this year than last. Now we should all do our bit to see that the total year's loss is reduced, not only by ten per cent, but by an easily possible much greater proportion.

JOSEPH S. RICH

Hulda, a Swedish girl, Bertha Mundt, Judge Edwards, a land owner, Harold Lurvey

Mrs. Dunn, Sixty's mother,

Naomi Bean

Ben Tracy, a veteran,

Addison Saunders

Sleepy Longfellow, a company clerk,

Eugene Van

Bill Devine, a corporal, John DeRoosin

Monkey Todd, a buck private,

Winfield Howe

Madame Buttien, a French Madam,

Nora McAllister

Colonel Russkin, an officer,

Herbert R. Bean

MUSICAL NUMBERS

"Lucky" (specially written)

Opening Chorus

"Love's Highway" (specially written)

Chorus

"Mother" (specially written)

Miss Pleasanton

"The Old Opry House" (specially written)

Sally, Spike, Tracy

"Over There" (Fest)

Finale of Act I

"Rose of No Man's Land" (Fest)

Sally, Bill, Sleepy, Monkey

"Goodbye Broadway, Hello France"

(Fest)

Chorus

"Dizzy Little Steps" (specially written)

Chorus

"Love's Highway" (specially written)

Cast

Finale, "Love's Highway," "Over

There," "Lucky," Entire Company

CHORUS

Norma Rolfe, Marian Brinck, Mu-

riel Brinck, Roma Warren, Dorothy

Burbank, Thelma Morse, Kathryn

Brinck, Nora McAllister, Marjorie

Berry, Georgia Jenkins, Betty Ed-

wards, Mary Sanborn, Marguerite

Hall, Wilma Hall, Olive Howdorn, Ver-

na Berry, Thessa Brown

Herbert R. Bean, commander of

George A. Mundt Post, announced that

the Legion was very fortunate in be-

ing able to secure a company of fam-

ous actresses who were passing

through Bethel en route to Hollywood.

These charming ladies were one of

the most popular features of the en-

tertainment. The parts were taken

by Everett Marshall, Arthur Forbes,

H. C. Rowe, Arthur Cutler, Louis Van

Den, Korekoven, Fred Robertson,

Philip Chapman and Wallace Warren

A feature between the acts was a

drill by the local troop of Boy Scouts.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

L. A. Edwards, Pastor

There will be a service held in the Chapel on this Thursday evening, March 24th, at 7:30 to which everyone is invited. There will be a Baptismal service followed by communion.

Sunday, March 27th.

7:30 Easter Sunrise Service in charge of the Young people of the Bethel churches. In the past this has been a service of the highest spiritual value to the Youth of the community.

11:45 Morning Worship with Easter message by the pastor. His subject will be "Endless Years of Deathless Life".

7:30 The church school will present an Easter Pageant entitled "The Resurrection".

BETHEL M. E. CHURCH

Rev. R. C. Balzell, Minister

Good Friday

7:30 Good Friday Service with pageant by senior girls "The Challenge of the Cross". Special music.

This is a fitting service in preparation for Easter.

Easter Sunday

9:45 Sunday School Superintendent,

Evans Wilson.

10:45 Morning Worship. Topic

"Christ the First Fruits". Special music.

7:30 Easter Sunday drama "Hair of My Gods" will be presented. The cast of characters will be as follows:

Zacharias, Leslie Davis, Patricia, his wife, a Greek, Mrs. Earl Davis, his mother, his friend, a publican, Evans

Wilson, Thaddeus, his son, in early

twenties, Richard Davis, Miriam, his daughter, in early teens, Arline Goddard, Rebecca, his servant, Margaret

TWO-MINUTE SERMON
by REV. GEORGE HENRY

PAUL PINDING

It is said that an English queen was greatly disliked by the Irish, and that the chief cause of their dissatisfaction with the queen was because, during her long reign, she had never once visited Ireland. This matter was brought to the attention of her majesty and shortly thereafter she made a visit to the Emerald Isle. And then the Irishmen were more wrathful than ever before, because the cause of their complaint had been removed. We know of a preacher who finds it exceedingly difficult to satisfy the demands of his parishioners. They find fault with him on several counts. Should he return tomorrow (of course we don't suppose he will), but if he should) the fault finders would still be vociferous. Some people are so constituted that they "are never happy except when they are miserable," and they would find fault with perfection. If we would just balance the good in life and in people against the evil, we would be surprised to find how little reason we really have for fault-finding.

HIGH STREET, WEST PARIS

Those having perfect attendance at the Porter rural school for the week ending March 18th were: Grade I-Peter Kilpelainen, Walter Kilpelainen; Grindell-Anna Schroederus, William Schroederus, Ida Korhonen, Lahja Lahja Pike, Grade IV-Helmi Punkinen; Grade V-Howard Hill, Albert Holden, Julia Larson, Lily Lehtonen, Grade VII-Tyone Schroederus; Those having 100% in Spelling were, Grade II-Lahja Pike, William Schroederus, Ida Korhonen; Grade IV-Irene Schroederus, Helmi Punkinen; Grade V-Jolla Larson, Lily Lehtonen, Grade VIII-Tyone Schroederus.

Mrs James Holden and daughter Charabelle spent the day recently at D. O. Hill's.

Miss Martha Sanborn was in Portland a few days last week.

Raleigh Felt spent Sunday at Errol Whitman's.

BUSINESS CARDSHOWARD E. TYLER, D. C.
Palmer Graduate

Office Hours-9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M. to 3 P. M. Evenings by appointment
Bethel
Monday afternoon Tel. 228-3
Tuesday eve.

GREENLEAF
FUNERAL DIRECTOR & MORTICIAN
AUTO LIAIRSH
AMBULANCE FOR MOVING THE
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E. E. WHITNEY & CO.,
Satisfaction Guaranteed

DR. RALPH OTIS HOOD

Osteopath
Office at the
Residence of Mrs. Wallace Clark
Daily Evenings
6-12 and 2:30-5 by appointment

E. M. KLAINE

(graduate of Saulton Planioris
School, Boston, Mass.)
at H. C. Howe's on Saturdays
(INTERVIEW INVITED.)

BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION
FIRE ALARM SIGNALS
1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals, Broad, Main and Paradise Streets.

2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.

3 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Church, Park, Upper High, Upper Summer, Elm Streets.

4 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Bryant's Store, Spring, Brighton, Chapman Streets.

5 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Mechanic, Clark, Lower High, Lower Summer, Vernon Streets.

6 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Mills, Mill Yards and Hallroad Street.

IN CARE OF FIRE—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will tend to the alarm immediately.

Advertise Your Business

Typewriter Doctor

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(By Nature News Syndicate)
(TWN Service)

The cashier of the Brookville bank took up his desk as Sylvie, his competent little stenographer, entered his office humming gayly. "Why the mirth on Monday morning, Miss Sylvie?" he asked.

"The old, old reason—joy in having created something!" she told him.

"Tell me—let me be joyful, too," persisted the cashier.

He had known Sylvie since her childhood. There was a friendly, family acquaintance as well as a business association.

"I will—but you won't like it," Sylvie laughed.

"Oh—conceived the idea of getting married, I suppose."

Sylvie raised her hands in protest. "Not at all. But the effect on you will be just the same. I am going into business for myself."

The cashier listened while the girl unfolded her plan. "The idea had come to her on Saturday morning like a flash of lightning from the unknown spaces. She had recognized it at once as an inspiration, and all through the week-end she had been turning it over in her mind until now it was a concrete plan all formulated and ready to put into action.

"Then you'll be a typewriter doctor, I gather," said the cashier when she had finished her outline.

"Yes—that's an attractive way to call it. There is no one in town who can mend a typewriter. You know yourself what a nuisance it is when the typewriters here in the office are out of order. We have to send to the city and not only pay the man's expenses but will ill he finds it convenient."

"Then I think you have hit upon a splendid idea. I, of course, we hate to lose you, but we can't expect a girl with your ability and ambition to go on working for some one else at perhaps twenty dollars a week. Go to it, Miss Sylvie, and we will give you all the support we can."

Thus Sylvie severed her connections with the Brookville bank but she took with her all the good will of the officers and employees who, one and all, promised to help her to get launched in her new venture.

She found a diminutive office on the main street and called herself a "Typewriter Doctor." She had a native mechanical sense and more than a little practical business ability.

It was not long before Sylvie was very busy, and she had found it necessary to make a few trips to the city in order to learn from the makers of various machines a number of intricate little peculiarities of their own typewriters. But she was quiet and determined to succeed. Nothing seemed too difficult. She was happy and busy and she was experiencing the thrill that comes with achievement.

The morning a young man appeared in her office. "Good morning," she said cheerfully. "The visitor explained that he was a writer and that he lived on a farm outside the limits of the city. His typewriter had become very badly in need of parts and repairs while he was in the middle of some work for a weekly publication. He asked whether he might bring in his machine and perhaps rent one for a few days. That was his problem.

Sylvie assured him that that was her work, and she had several machines on hand that she could let him choose from. For by this time she had not only gone into the business of renting typewriters but she had acquired the agency of a neat little portable machine and was making handsome commissions on this.

If the young woman recognized another finger of fate pointing the way to her pathway she did not admit it. She confessed to herself that she was glad Mr. Bob Saunders would have to return for his machine. She liked him.

In a day or two, Bob Saunders appeared again. He was buoyantly happy.

"You are a mascot as well as a good typewriter doctor, Miss Sylvie," he said.

"How do you know?" asked Sylvie, for his machine was not ready.

"I have sold the story I wrote on the rented machine for more than a third again of what I have ever received before from the same people," he told her enthusiastically. "Now I can well afford to get the parts."

He remained in the little office longer than was necessary, but Sylvie kept on working. He was lost in admiration of the girl, easy way in which she went about mending this machine, adjusting that one, cleaning another.

It became a habit—watching her.

"Could you—perhaps—doctor the heart of a travelling man, Miss—Sylvie?" he asked her one day after many weeks.

"I—might, if it needed it," admitted Sylvie.

"I think if you would—we—we could make a success—doctor." He wrote better than he talked.

But Sylvie managed to understand. And her response was all that he had hoped for.

"And, besides, the doctor needs a partner," she told him afterwards.

Fame as a Penalty

"Fame," said Mr. Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "is a penalty as well as a reward, since it immortalizes a great man's errors no less than his achievements."—Washington Star.

HOW

MEANING OF WORD "SHREW" HAS BECOME TWISTED.—In Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," a scolding, perverse woman is tamed by her husband. The woman is a shrew. As its history reveals, the word "shrew" itself has been tamed by the vicissitudes of language rather than by the dominion of an individual.

Shrew is an old word, having been in the English language some four hundred years. According to Webster's New International Dictionary, its early meaning was, "wicked or evil person; a scoundrel; villain; outcast." Satan was occasionally called a shrew. From this harsh use the word came to mean, as in Shakespeare's famous comedy, "a vexatious, perverse, or turbulent woman."

The change in meaning of the word shrew is a taming of a different sort from the farce of Petrushka over Katharine, in the play, but it is a taming none the less. Katharine is the heroine. "She is rich, young, and beautiful, but so ill-tempered that no one will marry her." Petrushka, however, does so and, assuming great severity, finally sues her by rough treatment.

Sir Roger L'Estrange (1614-1684), an English political writer, wrote, "A man has got a shrew to his wife, and there could be no quiet in the house for her." It was such a shrewish wife, one remembers, that drove poor old Rip Van Winkle into the hills from which he did not return for 20 years.

How Chicken Gets Air Before It Breaks Shell

It is supposed that the air sac at the large end of an egg performs an important function in the development of the embryo chick. The chick makes use of the air in this pocket during the brief period between the time when it begins to breathe and the time when it is strong enough to break through the shell with its beak. This sac enlarges very materially during the period of incubation, and in a normal egg the chick at hatching time always has its head toward the large end of the egg and the air sac.

It is the opinion of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry that the air sac is formed by the contraction of the contents of the egg immediately after it is laid. The temperature of a hen's body is about 107 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is reasonable to suppose that as soon as an egg is laid the yolk and white contract somewhat. The air space is nearly always formed at the large end because of the peculiar shape of the egg. Now when the air space occurs on the side, but it is never found at the small end.

How Famous Song Was Written

The writer of the song "Silent Night" was Rev. Joseph Mohr, an Austrian Catholic priest, who wrote it for Christmas 1818, when he was assistant cleric in the village of Laudenbach, and it is reasonable to suppose that as soon as an egg is laid the yolk and white contract somewhat. The air space is nearly always formed at the large end because of the peculiar shape of the egg. Now when the air space occurs on the side, but it is never found at the small end.

Why Drought of 1930

Douglas Humphreys of the weather bureau says that in 1930 such a large amount of cold air rushed over Europe, causing unusually great rainfall there, the abnormal flow of polar air in that direction withdrew much of the pressure that causes currents to move down the usual American paths. Much of it was dissipated in Canada, causing a wet season there. The United States was therefore blanketed with warm air. In many sections it was heavy with moisture, but the necessary cold air currents required to produce rain did not arrive from the north.

How Storm Glass Is Made

The type of barometer known as a storm glass is not seriously considered by meteorologists. It consists of a glass vial about 10 inches long and 1/2 inch in diameter, which is nearly filled and hermetically sealed, with a mixture consisting of camphor, nitrate of potassium and chlorate of ammonium, dissolved in alcohol and distilled water. The changes of the liquid are the following: Clean liquid, bright weather; crystals at bottom, thick ate or frost; dim liquid, rain; dim liquid with small stars, thunderstorms, etc.

How Truffles Are Located

In France truffles are located and dug out of the ground with the aid of dogs and pigs. These latter are commonly used in Perigord, their rooting instincts and fine nose for scents being turned to account. A trained dog will detect the peculiar pungent odor exhaled by the ripe truffle and will make directly for it, either laying it bare or uprooting it. Dogs are used in this manner, especially by poachers.

How Water Affects Trees

Plants of the desert have created special methods for storing up the moisture they are able to raise from the dry, retentive soil. At the other extreme, says Forests and Franklin, the palms in the rainy portions of South America get too much water and have produced huge leaves that steal the rainfall outward, and so keep the water away from their roots.

How Railroad Rails Are Laid

The ends of railroad rails are put together with the plates. Bolts are placed through the plates and rails and nuts screwed on the ends to hold them in place.

Why Onions Affect Eyes

Onions give off a chemical substance which is injurious to the eyes. This excites the nerves of the eyes, which send a message to the brain, which in turn sends a message to the tear glands to make tears quickly to clean the eyes.

WHY**Auto Drivers Should Take Rigid Visual Tests**

Red and green were chosen for the stop and go signals of our traffic system probably because they had been used for years in maritime traffic to indicate the port and lee side of ships, says a recent bulletin of the Better Vision Institute. And the reason for their use at sea was that even before the days of science, the rays of red and green lights were found by experience to please gods and mischievous better than the rays of other lights. But it is unfortunate that the most common form of color blindness is the confusion of red and green, eight persons out of every hundred, according to a recent survey, being unable to distinguish between the two.

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The change in meaning of the word shrew is a taming of a different sort from the farce of Petrushka over Katharine, in the play, but it is a taming none the less. Katharine is the heroine. "She is rich, young, and beautiful, but so ill-tempered that no one will marry her." Petrushka, however, does so and, assuming great severity, finally sues her by rough treatment.

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STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the estates hereinafter named:

At Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the ninth Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinbefore indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of April, A. D. 1932, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Charles P. Valentine, late of Gilford, deceased; Will and Petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Geraldine M. Dorey, as administratrix with the Will annexed, to act without bond, presented by said Geraldine M. Dorey, daughter and only heir at law.

Lucy A. Cushing, late of Bethel, deceased; First account presented for allowance by Douglass W. Cushing, administrator.

Dora Becker, late of Albany, deceased; Petition for allowance by his son, Walter I. Becker.

Freeborn Dwight Smith, Josephine B. Smith and Carlos W. Smith, of Newry, minor wards; Petition for license to sell and convey real estate, presented by Edna C. Smith, guardian. L. Elvira Austin, late of Dover, deceased; Petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands, presented by Lewis D. Powers, administrator de bonis non with the Will annexed.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 16th day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two, ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

Whereas, Etta N. Mason, otherwise known as Etta M. Mason, owner of Sunmer, County of Oxford, State of Maine, by her mortgage deed dated June 10, 1922, and recorded in said Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 359, Page 292, conveyed to one George M. Salls of Bethel in said County, certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated at South Bethel, in said Bethel, and bounded and described as follows: bounded westerly by the road leading from Bethel Village to Lockes Mills, in Greenwood, Maine; northerly by land formerly of Caroling Vashaw, easterly by land formerly of Leon A. Brooks, southerly by land formerly of Althea C. Farwell, now of Frank E. Stevens, Belm, the same premises named and described in deed of Charles E. Stevens to said Salls, recorded in said Registry, Book 358 page 451, and by said Salls conveyed to said Mason. And whereas said mortgage was thereafter duly assigned to me, the undersigned, by said George M. Salls by his deed of assignment dated January 12, 1923, and recorded in said Registry, Book 339, page 478, and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken:

Now therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage. Dated at Bethel, Maine, March 7th, 1932.

FRANK V. VETQUOSKEY, State of Maine, County of Oxford ss. March 7, 1932.

Personally appeared the above named Frank V. Vetquoskey, who signed the foregoing notice, and made oath to the same that it is true.

Before me,

ELLERY C. PARK, Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF MAINE

Office of Secretary of State

Augusta, March 7, 1932.

Notice is hereby given that a Petition for the Pardon of Gerald Alfred Walker a convict in the County Jail at South Paris under sentence for the crime of Single Sale of Intoxicating Liquor is now pending before the Governor and Council, and a hearing thereon will be granted in the Council Chamber at Augusta, on Wednesday the thirteenth day of April 1932, at ten o'clock A. M.

EDGAR C. SMITH, Secretary of State.

STATE OF MAINE

Office of Secretary of State

Augusta, March 7, 1932.

Notice is hereby given that Petition for the Pardon of Alfred C. Mason a convict in the County Jail at South Paris under sentence for the crime of Single Sale of Intoxicating Liquor is now pending before the Governor and Council, and a hearing thereon will be granted in the Council Chamber at Augusta, on Wednesday the thirteenth day of April 1932, at ten o'clock A. M.

EDGAR C. SMITH, Secretary of State.

Central Surety and Insurance Corporation, Kansas City, Missouri

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1931

Real Estate, \$22,861.06

Mortgage Loans, \$55,342.77

Stocks and Bonds, \$2,222,551.43

Cash in Office and Bank, \$51,152.47

Agents' Balances, \$1,103,912.86

All other Liabilities, \$85,694.72

Cash Capital, \$1,000,000.00

Surplus over all Liabilities, \$31,536.33

Gross Assets, \$4,400,591.96

Deduct Items not admitted, \$13,605.70

Admitted Assets, \$4,386,989.26

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1931

Net Unpaid Losses, \$865,646.36

Unearned Premiums, \$1,103,912.86

All other Liabilities, \$85,694.72

Total Liabilities and Surplus, \$31,536.33

\$4,356,389.26

1.75
49c
79c
1.15
49c

Money spent here
for printing buys

Quality Work

STATE OF MAINE

Office of Secretary of State

Augusta, March 22, 1932

Notice is hereby given that a Petition for the Pardon of Elmer Smith a convict in the County Jail at Paris under sentence for the crime of Common Seller of Intoxicating Liquors is now pending before the Governor and Council, and a hearing thereon will be granted in the Council Chamber at Augusta, on Wednesday the thirteenth day of April, 1932, at 10 o'clock A. M.

EDGAR C. SMITH, Secretary of State.

ADMINISTRATRIX SALE

Pursuant to a license from the Honorable Judge of Probate, within and for the County of Oxford and State of Maine, I shall sell at Public Auction, on the twenty-first day of April, 1932, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Horrell & Park, in Bethel Village, in Bethel, Maine, all the right, title and interest which Albert B. Sanborn, late of Bethel, in said County of Oxford, had in and to the following described real estate, viz:

Certain real estate situated in said Bethel, in the vicinity of Skillington, so called, near the Skillington Spool Mill, so called, and being the Lewis A. Sanborn home farm as formerly owned and occupied by him and later by his son, Albert B. Sanborn and bounded generally as follows: northerly by the Androscoggin River, or a branch thereof; easterly and southerly by land formerly of Albert L. Burbank, now owned in part, at least, by William Birmingham 2d, and by land formerly by Albert B. Richardson; southerly and westerly by land formerly owned by Dr. J. A. Morton, now of said Birmingham, land formerly of James M. Seavey, and by land formerly of old Burbank; westerly and northerly by Meadow Brook so called, the Gross land, so known, now owned by Miss Maude Vashaw, land now of Alice Skillings Robinson, and by said river or its branch; said Alice Skillings Robinson also bounds a part of said real estate on the east; and for a part of said boundary said parcel has on its northerly bound the present State Highway leading from Bethel Village West Bethel, so called.

Excepting and reserving from the above bounded parcel, a certain small parcel heretofore conveyed by Albert B. Sanborn to Julius P. Skillings, and also excepting and reserving the land deeded by said Albert B. Sanborn to the State of Maine for use as a part of said State Highway; also excepting and reserving all rights and interests in the Canadian National Railways formerly called the Grand Trunk Railway, and to the land used and occupied as part of its right of way through and over said bounded parcel, and also all rights of the public in and to the way which is part of the old county road and which passes through said bounded parcel in part. Said parcel being known as the Lewis A. Sanborn homestead, including village, meadow and woodland, and including all land owned by said Lewis A. Sanborn, in said Bethel where he deceased.

Sold real estate to be sold subject to the right and interest, in the name of Maude A. Sanborn, widow of said Albert B. Sanborn.

MAUDE A. SANBORN, Administratrix of the estate of Albert B. Sanborn Dated March 14th, 1932.

The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co., Ltd.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1931

Real Estate, \$642,970.63

Mortgage Loans, \$357,146.48

Stocks and Bonds, 15,990,538.82

Cash in Office and Bank, 1,696,647.73

Agents' Balances, 1,951,145.98

Bills Receivable, 22,177.12

Interest and Rents, 172,462.88

All other Assets, 128,172.52

Gross Assets, \$20,962,131.16

Deduct Items not admitted, 506,139.70

Admitted, \$20,455,934.46

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1931

Net Unpaid Losses, \$1,885,24.11

Uncared Premiums, 10,391,29.20

All other Liabilities, 4,152,967.48

Surplus over all Liabilities, 4,026,661.67

Total Liabilities and Surplus, \$20,455,934.46

STUART W. GOODWIN, Agent.

51G Norway, Maine

The Connecticut Fire Insurance Co., Hartford Conn.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1931

Real Estate, \$16,560.16

Mortgage Loans, 746,759.60

Stocks and Bonds, 17,032,834.00

Cash in Office and Bank, 1,519,967.02

Agents' Balances, 929,682.53

Bills Receivable, 19,549.53

Interest and Rents, 173,198.40

All other Assets, 37,768.40

Gross Assets, \$20,494,862.93

Deduct Items not admitted, 172,628.19

Admitted Assets, \$20,322,840.73

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1931

Net Unpaid Losses, \$789,851.97

Uncared Premiums, 6,594,711.42

All other Liabilities, 2,075,784.15

Cash Capital, 2,000,000.00

Surplus over all Liabilities, 8,861,432.69

Total Liabilities and Surplus, \$20,322,840.73

STUART W. GOODWIN, Agent.

51G Norway, Maine

The Continental Insurance Company, 50 Malden Lane, New York

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1931

Real Estate, \$17,783,102.22

Stocks and Bonds, 7,413,367.60

Cash in Office and Bank, 3,132,045.65

Agents' Balances, 3,305,676.57

Bills Receivable, 393,512.09

Interest and Rents, 233,897.46

Gross Assets, \$33,146,632.19

Deduct Items not admitted, 381,455.08

Admitted, \$32,765,177.11

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1931

Net Unpaid Losses, \$3,018,832.18

Uncared Premiums, 24,559,657.78

All other Liabilities, 18,959,268.54

Cash Capital, 19,495,958.13

Surplus over all Liabilities, 16,721,760.78

Total Liabilities and Surplus, \$32,765,177.11

STUART W. GOODWIN, Agent.

51G Norway, Maine

1.75
49c
79c
1.15
49c

Money spent here
for printing buys

Quality Work



This Really Looks Like an Invitation

These young ladies, who appear to be beckoning for you to come and have a swim are displaying the season's advance styles in bathing suits at the Deauville Club, Santa Monica, Calif.

AUTO SPEED KING



TRIFLES OF TRUTH

Fools and vanity go together.
Wrath is found in family jars.
Brilliant lies can outshine truth.
A lean conscience makes a fat office.
The eye is the barometer of the heart.
Poverty nips many a budding genius in the bud.

THE
OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75¢. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10¢ per line.

All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and also by W. E. Busserman, Bethel; Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel; Lawrence Petty, West Bethel; John King, Hanover; Bryant Pond, Gordon Chase, Locke Mills; Ralph Corkum, Hanover.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1932.

AN EASTER MESSAGE

A Contribution to The Citizen by D. S. Brooks, Bethel.

Let me forget all about our problems and anxieties and differences and make this Easter the happiest occasion of our lives. We have had our sorrow. Yes, God knows all about it. But now listen; he has a message here for you: Easter comes to us at the beginning of the year when all nature is awakening before our adoring eyes. Great truth! The power of an endless life is throbbing to life in the bare stems of the naked trees, sprouting buds and blushing into promise in snow and then a swollen body, stretching with encouragement to the hidden, buried roots of man's tiny plant. It is unwilling to let the fragrance of hope in many a bulb covered. At the winter time with the black earth. And out of the decay of last year, follows the new adventure in preparing up to bear testimony to the power of an endless life. As another has said, the first grass blades on the graves of our dead wave in the chill March winds with a gracious suggestion of immortality. All that has ever been said about the victory over death is not so convincing as one blue-eyed violet shining out of its heart-shaped leaves. The softened eye, the kindler sun, the whole trembling earth full of tender budding, like a mother's heart, becomes to us a granite, but beautiful symbol of an endless life. Surely we cannot help but believe in a time like this that God has as much care for the top of the mountain for the children made in his own image and likeness, to whom he has given the power to reason, to worship, to love, as he shows for the puny willow and the puny larch. I believe with Mr. Barrows, that "God is not so poor a housekeeper as to let the best person and the poorest live. He has made his world like a vast electric battery, to discharge into our souls in the hereafter the renewed life."

Not only the roots and bulbs and swelling buds speak to us of a life forever sustained and planned by an invisible power which is not only wise but kind but the birds that come to us from the South, singing with the song of the bluebird and the robin, but also, tarrying with us only for a day, cheating us in the twilight, like the wild geese and ducks seeking the far North; all these speak to us of the endless life which is at once the care and the inspiration and the promise of our immortality. Some of you will recall William Cullen Bryant's poem of "The Water Fowl." It is full of the tenderest teaching of our theme:

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost
thine ascent.
The solitary way."
Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do
thee wrong,
As darkly soon against the crimson
sky.
The gulls float along,
Each like the plashy brink
Of sea or margin of river wide,
Or where the rushing billows rise and
sink.
On the shaded ocean side."

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
sea!
The desert and dimmest air
To be wandering, but not lost.
At day thy wings have fanned
At that far height the cold thin
atmosphere.
Yet oftenest, ne'er, to the welcome
land.

Though the dark night is near,
And soon that toll shall end,
Soon shall find a summer home,
and rest.

And certain among thy follows, reeds
shall bend.

Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest,
Thou art gone, the skies of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; set on
my heart.

Deeply thou singst the lesson thou hast
taught.

And shall not soon depart.

He who from thee is gone,
Gone through the boundless sky thy
solitary flight.

In the long way that I ever tread
alone.

What lead thy steps aright?"

The God who has given instinct to the water-fowl, to guide it through the trackless skies from Florida to Labrador, bringing it at last safely to its summer home and rest, may be trusted to care for the human life upon which he has so richly poured the tenderness of his love. To my mind, that last stanza is a gem in the realm of poetry. Please read it again.

The power of an endless life is illustrated in the mobility of purpose, the power of self-denial, the breadth and elevation of soul which comes to those who are inspired by it. The power of an endless life is illustrated in the courage which comes to those who are inspired by it. It has been said many times that the sublime proof of the reality of the resurrection of Jesus Christ was the signal transformation it wrought in the character of the disciples. They had been a timid, fearful, unreliable group of men before the resurrection; but afterward their devotion became the marvel of the age, and not a single one failed to seal his fidelity with his death. In the light of the resurrection of their Master they lost their fear of death. Death was henceforth an overthrown enemy. The shadows might be dark at the entrance on the earthly side, but it issued into glory beyond.

There ought to be such a revival of courage in our own hearts in the presence of our great Easter truth that it shall make us brave to attack any difficulty that stands in our way. An common men come to be heroes on the battlefield, where the inspiration to heroism is on every side and victory is breathed on the air, so on this Easter day, when we stand in the presence of the victory of life over death, we ought to gain courage to attack every evil habit or vicious appetite or lessening sin and in the strength and power of an endless life, trample it under foot forever.

My eyes fatigued a few days ago as I was reading a clipping taken from an editorial of a Methodist magazine: the touching cry of the soul of the editor, whose only child was taken away by death. These were the words: "Never before was our Easter hope brighter or more comforting. Never before had we greater reason to rejoice in the doctrine of a resurrection, nor to thank God for the evidence that it is true. The dead shall rise again. We shall see them. We shall be with them. Our reunion shall be eternal."

I am sure that to every one of us this Easter is not without some message of comfort and hope. To some of us there are groups of loved ones who stand about us at Easter time, and we hold communion and fellowship with them again as we do not at other seasons of the year. Some who went home long ago come back and look in our faces with loving eyes at Easter time; and some there are of our dear town's people, who only last Easter were with us, and who are having their first Easter feast in heaven.

"O home land! O home land! The veil is very thin
That stretches thy dear meadows
And this cold world between;
A breath aside may blow it.
A heart throb burst it through,
And bring in one glad moment —
Thy happy lands to view!"

AIR TRAFFIC OFFICER



Miss Patricia (Pat) Kendall, twenty-nine, an American and sometime aerial traffic officer, veteran with authority to arrest violators who fly in a manner dangerous to traffic, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Howe and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Howe and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Richardson and family.

Mrs. Ross Richardson, and Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson, Mrs. Gertrude Dean.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the kindness of friends and neighbors and for the many tokens of sympathy received during our recent bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Howe and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Richardson and family.

Mrs. Ross Richardson, and Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson, Mrs. Gertrude Dean.

Ties That Bind

By BERTHA LEAH CROSS

(By McClure Newsprint Syndicate)

(WNW Service)

NAOMI STEVENS sat on the back

porch watching the dusk as it

settled over the garden. To her, this

time of day was the loneliest, and the

hour when she felt the most let down,

tired, old and disillusioned. This

night she was feeling unusually so be-

cause of the letter from Lauri,

and she had had that week. In the sec-

ond she pleaded even more urgently

with her to accept her invitation to go

to Europe as her traveling companion.

"If I only could," she whispered.

"But here I am, as always, tied hand

and foot by mother. If mother could

only see, could realize how terribly she

hampers me in everything I want to do.

Talk about the selfishness of the

young—it's nothing in comparison to the

old. They think only of themselves!"

All of her life Naomi had craved a

good time. She longed for travel and

excitement.

First it had been her father, who, pas-

sionionous to the point of miser-

liness, had forced both her and her

mother to scrupulously save; to go

without and make over, while he

hearded his money. Then when he

had died, ten years ago, each had

lacked initiative and urge to get out

of the rut into which their lives had

settled. It had taken but three letters

from Mrs. Roena Silver to Naomi

to bring her to Europe.

"There's money," she told herself,

"but of it. If only mother can be

awakened."

But the mother—a self-sacrificing lit-

le woman who had lived for forty

years under the domination of her

husband. Cowardly, timid, shrinking

after these years of bondage. What

force could galvanize her and make

her forget her lin-bound, reiterated

"Woman's place is in the

home?" Could she be freed, emanci-

pated from that obsession?

Naomi was now forty-five. She had

let youth go as she had loved. Fred

had become tired and waiting.

She had been a lovely girl with a

wealth of curly, brown hair and large,

wistful eyes filled with dreams. Other

men had been attracted. But they

like Fred, had been appalled by too

much prospective mother-in-law. They

had passed by to other less hampered

girls.

Now had come this opportunity

Galvanized into life, she let her

thoughts dwell on this chance of a

lifetime. Even the words in the letter

were etched on her mind: "Come on,

Naomi," her friend had written.

"Check your mother with her sister

and come with me!"

The tears came now, faster and faster,

stinging her eyes, overflowing—a

perfect torrent of heart-breaking tears

of longing.

Suddenly the tears stopped and she

set up with a snap. The fire in her

eyes dried the tears: "I'm going!"

she said aloud. "I'm going to Europe

with Laura. Mother can go to Call-

fornia with the Lawsons." Red spots

appeared on her cheeks. She had de-

cided.

She began formulating in her mind

her plan of procedure. First she

would write Aunt Hattie that her

mother was coming, if she could make

her, and ask for her help. Then she

would write Laura that she would ar-

rive in New York ready to sail the

seventh of July.

"I'm going to spend, spend, spend!"

she said recklessly. "I am going to

make myself young again and see life.

For every dollar I've denied myself

I'll spend two!"

After supper she walked to the vil-

lage for the evening mail. She posted

a letter to Laura telling her she

would meet her in New York the

sixth. "I've burned by bridges now,"

she thought. "I'm going straight home

to break the news to mother. I'll find

new interests, and new life, and youth,"

she told herself.

"Mother," she said abruptly. The

awaying rocked stopped at the tense-

ness in Naomi's voice.

"Yes? What is it, Naomi?" Her

tone held a mild surprise.

"I'm calling the seventh of July with

Laura."

"Sailing?" in a bewildered tone.

"Yes, sailing for Europe on the sev-

enth. And I've made arrangements for

you to stay with Aunt Hattie while

I'm gone."

"You've made arrangements?" I le-

"I haven't lost my mind, have I? Well,

you've certainly taken a pretty inde-

pendent step!"

Penny Ante

By LEEETE STONE

(By McClure News Service)

479
EACH
254.40-21
465 EACH
IN PAIRS

GANGER was a small town way up near the Canadian border where winters were still winters. There was a series of little hatched notches on one of the big trees that bordered the state highway which ran through Granger. The highest of these cuts was four and a half feet about the level of the sidewalk. It was the high point of Granger's snowline.

The state road was plowed, of course; but the plowing never uncovered the concrete from December to March.

The winters were taken as a matter of course by the fathers and mothers of Granger. The fathers read and tested sheltered feet in the evening. The mothers sewed; or also read; both retired early and rose early to face another bright clear day of below zero temperature.

Very different was the feeling among the few youngsters. In summer they could drive to Lakeside and Jackman, see movies, dance, canoe, play tennis, fish and generally enjoy life. So the long winter was nothing less than anathema to them.

Five of them, three boys and two girls, had formed a little unofficial clique that braved the bitter wind and snow once a week, Saturday night, to talk and chatter of the summer's games and pleasures, at their respective houses. It was pretty dull, but it was better than nothing.

In February, this particular winter, Gloria Amers returned from school in the East. There had been a fire in the school's big dormitory and the pupils were temporarily released for a few weeks until restoration could be effected.

Gloria was different. She was pretty, charming, vivacious—the life of any party. She had gone to country school with all the little cliques of boys and girls. She noticed with a flush of pleasure that Harry Hanson, who had always carried her books, and been most devoted, had turned out to be tall, handsome and intelligent.

The first Saturday night after her return the group gathered at Gloria's house. They found a big round table in the living room, surrounded by six chairs; with a pack of cards in the center, and a little cylindrical roll, paper covered, which had on it black letters, "50 cents."

"Folks, hurry and gather round. We're going to play penny ante poker. The stakes are my treat this time. When anyone loses the fifty cents they drop out. When anyone wins fifty they drop out. The limit bet is two cents. I had quite a time converting Dad and Mother; but I finally showed them it was the same as if we paid fifty cents to go to a movie or a dance or for a boat to fish a couple of hours."

"Now sit down! Anyone that doesn't know the value of the hands will find it on this piece of paper." Gloria laid a slip of paper that was a slice of Boyle itself in the center of the table.

Gloria Hanson had played many a game of penny ante in the back room of the store; but despite all his knowledge of human nature, drawing, and all the elements of poker, he lost his fifty cents in an hour; quietly dropped out and pulled his chair around behind Gloria, who seemed to be the consistent winner. According to Gloria's specifications the game was over at ten thirty; and every one, losers and winners, wore a smile, seemed to be lived up.

Harry beckoned Gloria into the hall as the others were in animated conversation over their losses and winnings.

"We got Dolly's son just hatched to the blue cutter tonight Gloria. You remember Dolly. Come, Gloria!"

"I'll come, Harry," Gloria whispered.

Crisp snow bathed in moonlight; the musicalinkle-kinkle of tiny cutter bells; the muffled hoofbeats of a swift horse and the swish of bright steel runners all contributed sweetly to this north country romance.

"Gloria, dear Gloria," Harry murmured as they sped into the brilliant beauty of the four corners. "Please say you'll marry me."

"Oh, Harry, this is preposterously sudden. Can't we make courtship last longer? Tell you what! Let's play penny ante every Saturday night until one or the other of us holds a royal flush. Then I'll answer you."

"Say," said Harry a trifle bitterly, "if you know how often a royal flush turns up a lifetime?"

All of which explains the tense moment in the group game the following Saturday night. Gloria had opened with Jacks or better. All but Harry Hanson had dropped out when he raised the openers a penny before showing his cards. Harry drew one card.

"Up to you!" Harry said with a queer look in his eyes.

"Two cents!" Gloria promptly contributed.

"And two more!"

"And two more!"

"I'll call you—just to save your money; because it's the first time in my life I've held the immeasurable hand. Read 'em and weep; or better still, remember your promise!" Harry laid his cards down in front of Gloria one at a time. "I drew the queen," he whispered a little awed.

They read from top to bottom, the ace, king, queen, jack and ten spot of diamonds—a royal flush!

Gloria cracked her three aces and two kings into the discard and smiled into Harry Hanson's eyes in a way that made him strangely bilious.

Latest Photo of Lindbergh Baby

Photograph of Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr., made public by the family after the kidnapping to assist in the search for the child.

THE PARENTS

Some days seem roomy if all the rest of the family are out for the evening.

First, the broken heart, then fast-growing anger and a desire to yell for it.

When as a visitor you are asked to take sides in a family quarrel, it is time to quit visiting there.

It's a walk in the woods in the rearing you like best, it is plain you don't need a very large income.

Canned beef is something else that helps harden the arteries; cabbage may be the antidote.

Don't let the example of a man telling his troubles influence you to tell yours. He doesn't want to hear.

At an elaborate dinner, a man who appears to eat little, may do so because he doesn't know how the things are to be eaten.

So-called strong and silent men suffer another plague peculiarly theirs. Somebody is indefatigably "trying to get him to talk."

World's Youngest King
The distinction of being the youngest king in history is claimed for Alfonso XIII, deposed ruler of Spain. When his father died November 23, 1885, he left no male issue, but the queen was expecting a child and all Spain awaited the event with less interest as to whether they were to have a king. Alfonso was born May 17, 1886, and a government proclamation was immediately issued announcing the birth of "Alfonso XIII, by the grace of God and the constitution, the Catholic King of Spain." He was thus a king from birth, and he said of himself that he was the youngest king ever known in the civilized world.

Characteristic pose of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh that, after one of their long flights.

Many a man who refuses to work tries to work other men.

It's a poor watch for who's unable to make a go of it.

The best may be a sneaker, but he never gives anything away.

Every dog has his day, but like men, they always want two.

Unless a servant knows his place he need not expect to keep it.

For every dollar a man wins in fast horses he loses two in slow ones.

At the age of eighteen woman's rights are three years ahead of man's.

A man may run into debt, but he seldom comes out of it faster than a walk.

STATISTICS

Finger turned out 211,570 miles in the year 1922.

The coast guard saved 36,271 lives during the same period.

For every dollar a man wins in fast horses he loses two in slow ones.

Negro population in the United States total 228. In India 148 millions.

Since 1922 American investments abroad have averaged \$70,000,000 a year.

England has only 42 telephones for every 100 persons while New Zealand has 108.

Nearly 4,500,000 pounds of matter was carried by air mail in the United States last year.

England recruited 31,000 new soldiers in 1920 as compared with 20,000 the year previous.

The average motorist consumes 15 gallons of gasoline last year. If a family car has an extra consumption of 100 miles.

Postage stamps at 5 cents a piece, postage due 1 cent, postage for registered mail 10 cents, postage for airmail 15 cents.

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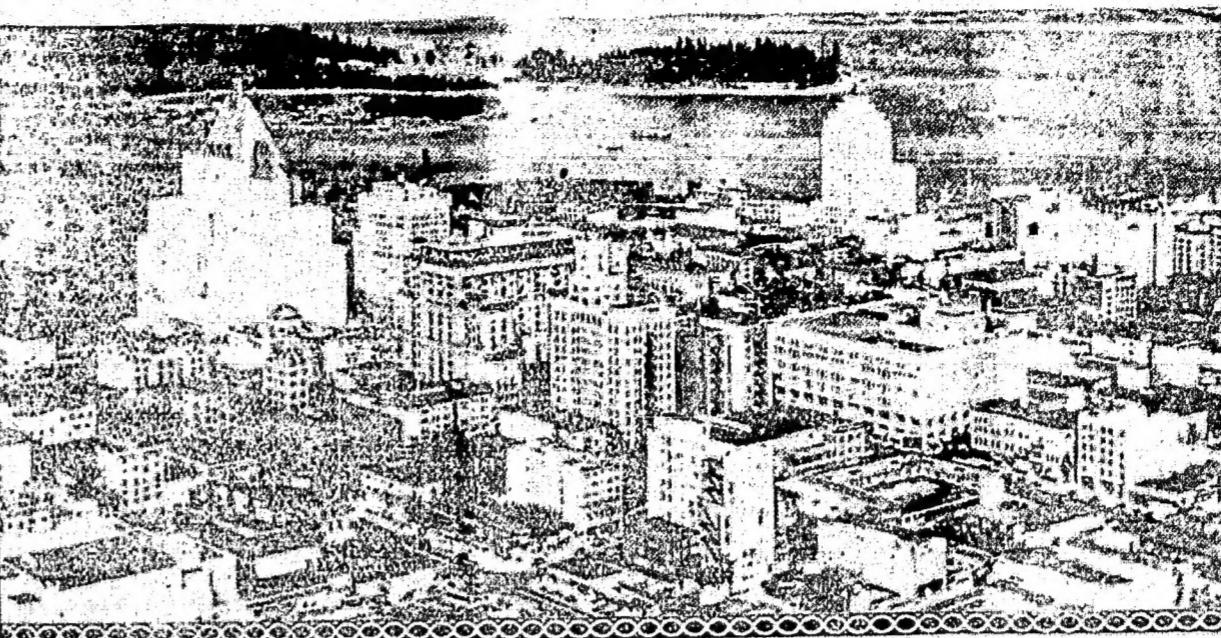
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Vancouver Is Growing a New Sky Line

This recent air view of Vancouver, British Columbia, shows the business area with its new skyline. The large white structure at the left is the new hotel of the Canadian National Railways. Directly opposite is the Molten Dental building. The tall building close to the harbor is the Marine building. The squat white building (right foreground) is the Hudson's Bay company's store, and the building with the clock tower is the Granville Street building.

FACT AND FANCY

Never say die—say tinted.

Stamps are porcelain.

Marry in haste and repent at leisure.

Thimbles were originally thumb bells.

Woman wears better than man, but not so much.

Beware of a half-truth; it's usually the wrong half.

The French national library in Paris houses a billion books.—Springfield Union

If you were ever a child you can give some cogent advice on bringing up children.

All men like popularity; but some are terrified by its manifestation in brass bands and torch light processions.

Children's lives are often dull; so much so that sleeping on the floor on a mattress when company comes is an adventure.

ODD, ISN'T IT?

The Bible mentions a king who slept in a bedstead 11 or 15 feet long.

The word "truth" occurs in the New Testament a billion times.—Sir Oswald Mosley.

QUOTATION MARKS

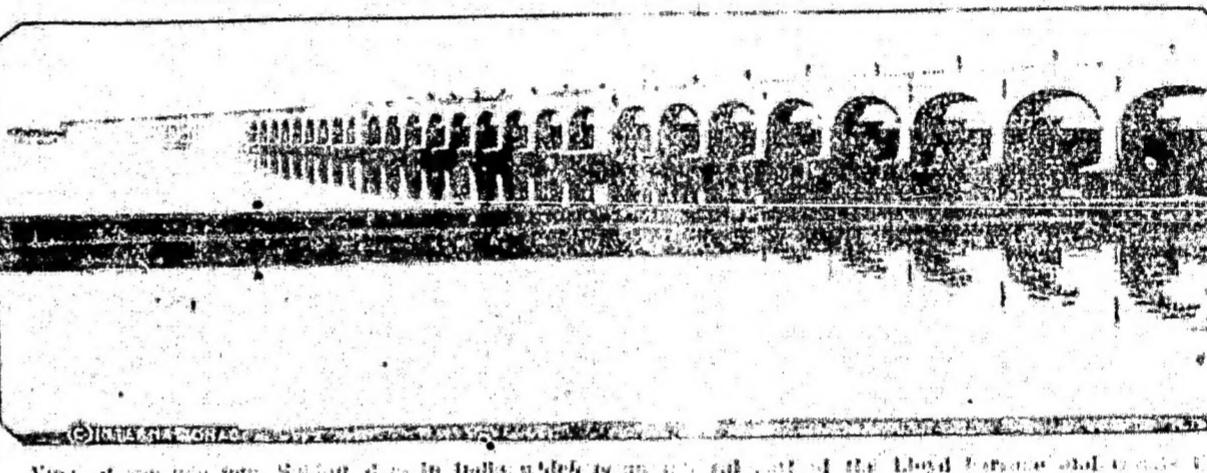
"Time arrives so many things."—Aristide Briand.

"History is written at a very slow and laborious pace."—Colonel Edward M. House.

"No two 'show' people can always tell their truths rather than do them."—Paul Whiteman.

"Sleeping is like the dinner hour; the more delicious you are the later it occurs."—Arthur Stringer.

"I spend my time among people who talk about things rather than do them."—Sir Oswald Mosley.

Sukkur Dam in India Is the World's Largest

View of the massive Sukkur dam in India which occupies a large part of the Indus River and which, when completed, will comprise the world's largest irrigation project. The dam is composed of 100 gleaming white arches, as the picture reveals.

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Under Frozen Stars

By George Marsh

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THE STORY

W.M.J. SERVICE.

CHAPTER I.—From his fur post, Jim Stuart, Indian in the flesh, an overturned canoe in the lake. With his headman, Omar, he rescues the half-breed, LeBlond, son of Aurora LeBlond, daughter of his chief in the fur business. Made comfortable at the post, Andrew Christie, who had been a partner in the fur trade, is to be a charming companion. Jim, with his amorous half-breed LeBlond arrives in search of the missing girl. But the dimpling enemy towards Jim, and the taming of the girl, ends with LeBlond acknowledging his debt of gratitude to Sunset House.

But strong as was the appeal of this dark daughter of Louis LeBlond to the eyes and senses of the man who had not seen three goodly white women in as many years, she was, he realized, only a spoiled child; vain, headstrong, the pampered darling of a lonely father. Then his thoughts shifted to Mary Christie, the loyal, capable girl at Lake Expansé, who ministered with heart and hands to the well-being and comfort of his chief, Andrew Christie, and who, except for five years' residence in Scotland, had spent her life without complaint, imprisoned in the northern forests. He pictured her frank disdain of the dress and manners of the girl who slept over in his quarters, her outraged sense of propriety at the direct thought and speech of this self-preserved daughter of the free trader. She would understand this girl would not let her go on night or over head, light, unknown. But no one who had seen Aurora LeBlond grimly refusing to be swept from her grip on that canoe, as the seas buried her, could doubt the metal of her courage. She had proven that. Then he found himself comparing the bland comeliness of the decorous daughter of Andrew Christie with the dark loveliness of Aurora LeBlond.

The following morning Stuart walked with his guest to the beach where LeBlond had preceded him to his waiting canoe. "Really think you about won Sarah over, when you patted her shoulder and put that silk scarf around her neck," he said. "I know Sarah pretty well, and the way that girl slowly widened across her face when you gave her the scarf and shook her hand makes me think she's forgiven you your glibbering. Though, of course, she wouldn't admit it."

"She thinks me human, probably."

"She didn't know what to think."

Then, as they approached the shore, she said hurriedly: "The split rock off the shore of the last of the islands—look there in a few days; you might find something. Good-bye, Mr. Jim Stuart." She gave him her hand.

"Good-bye, Miss LeBlond."

When LeBlond stepped into his big freight canoe he said to Stuart: "I thank you again for what you have done. Your people have been fit to let me here to take the trade from me between the North West and the

Two days later, with the freight boats from Lake Expansé which carried the next year's supplies and trade goods for the little post and had been windbound at the head of the lake, came Esau Oteig, whose shoulders had rounded and lean face creased with furrows in the service of the company—old Esau, a full-blooded Ojibwa, who had served thirty years with Stuart's father and now followed the fortunes of the son. To the Indians, when the supplies were unloaded and the empty freighters had started back on the trail south, Omar related what he had overheard on the beach—how the hunters from the Pipestone country had been kept from trading at Sunset House by the tabu of the shaman, Jingwak.

"Ah-hah!" Esau muttered. "So dis Jingwak put de devil into Sunset House. Well, we put de devil into Jingwak."

"Good!" agreed Stuart, "but how?"

Esau's beady eyes met the widening grin of Omar as he answered: "Omar evahr tell you w' happen to Makwa, be he shaman at Wolf river, manc long ago back?"

Stuart shook his head. "No, what happened?"

"Ita Makwa, be pink he mak' de heeg medicine. He come an' say to do soem' at Wolf river, 'We givee Makwa de shaman, flour, tea, trade good, an' you get all Ojibwa for.' You not give Makwa dis, an' free trader, he got dis for you."

Stuart bobbed into the grave face of Omar. "We have, Omar, but I wish someone to be able to repair."

As the master of Sunset House watched the setting pectoral to an ever-widening ripple out across the still lake, which now mirrored the hills—for the way had dropped in the night to a flat into a slope at his side—raised him from his thoughts.

"We got a long time ahead, dis sum-

mer."

Stuart bobbed into the grave face of Omar. "We have, Omar, but I wish someone to be able to repair."

The old Indian's eyes snapped with humor. "If dis split nodding, he sen' for Eau."

"What you do, Esau?"

I just putted for a space, his eyes on his nose-inion; then he said: "Makwa, be he shaman, mak' medicine no more."

Stuart leaned forward curiously. "You chased him out of the country?"

The old man shook his head. Stuart turned to him, who chuckled: "Esau never tell, but Makwa come to Wolf river to trade next time wid-out heea."

Stuart sat down, something about him. "I'm thinkin' you can talk to the boy. He's a good boy for the girl. He's got a good heart."

"I'm thinkin' he's a bad boy at pipestone."

"You can't know how to get off dis hook, but I'll tell LeBlond, he's comin' to Sunset House."

"Well, I'd like to!" said the thin-faced Ojibwa.

"Well, LeBlond tell all dem people dat dis place rea' full of dead. I told dis out, for one of dat crew had fear to stop on de beach."

Above the island filled the bronzed face of the man who started.

So they are taking the medicine man, the conjurer, are they, to keep the trade from Sunset House?"

It was clear of LeBlond, for the Pipestone Ojibwa who came two hundred miles south to trade were a wild, superstitious lot, easily influenced by a medicine man, a shaman.

"War you talk of dat?" demanded the half-breed. "I tell you we got good job ahead dis summer, wen we set de trade stuff up from Lake Expansé."

The half-breed shrugged. "I don't know. De fader of Esau was a shaman, a sorcerer. Esau, mebbe, got frien' among de devils."

His supplies and trade-goods properly checked and stowed away against the coming of the Ojibwas for the Christmas trade, Stuart prepared to follow the freight canoes, with his fur from the spring trade, down to Lake Expansé, the headquarters of the district. There he would listen, in silent silence, while his chief, Andrew Christie, talked deep into the night of the failure of Sunset House to obtain its share of the trade. With endless deliberation the stiff-necked inspector would dwell on the cost of building the post and its small yearly returns in fur while Jim, raging inwardly, endured in silence. And, from the increasing stiffness in the manner of his chief, the discouraged Stuart knew that the end of Sunset House would mean the end of his advancement in the Company's service. For a failure is a failure. The fact that he had been chosen to lead a forlorn hope—that Sunset House was doomed from the beginning, would be forgotten. He would have had his chance. If he stayed with the Hudson's Bay, they would send him somewhere as clerk, assistant to a luckier man.

But the journey to Lake Expansé would consume a fortnight, and the thought of what might await him behind a certain split rock on an island ten miles across the untraversed surface of Mitawagamagan, led him to postpone his start with Omar.

The spell of the northern summer was on cloudless sky; the dusky, spruce green of the ridges; the cool depths of the translucent lake, as Jim paddled alongshore toward the sturgeon set-lines at the outlet, to deliver the sharp eyes which followed his departure from the post. Then with a savage lunge his paddle tore the water to foam. Across the lake they laughed at the name, Sunset House, did they? So they held the whole Pipestone and Sturgeon river trade by bridle a sorcerer! Well, as Omar said, there were ways of handling a shaman. Esau was an old hand at that game. He and Omar should have their wish. They would go to the summer camps of the Pipestone Lake Indians—carry the war into the enemies' country. Jim Stuart's future as a fur-man was at stake. He'd played fair, but now all rules were off and henceforth there'd be no quarter.

Then his anger cooled as he thought of the girl whose message he was paddling ten miles to look for at the split rock. A needless game, this, he admitted. Some day should be seen and followed. They, even, might be caught! Then what? He laughed aloud at the thought. Well, she was worth it—this bewilderling daughter of LeBlond. It was mid-morning when the birch bark of Jim Stuart approached the split rock on the stony bench of the island. Stepping from the canoe, Jim's eager eyes searched the bushes behind the rock for the telltale white of the note which she had promised to leave. Then, lying under a stone, he saw to his surprise a folded sheet ruled, as if torn from a small note book. It did not seem like her—this scolded scrap of paper at his feet. Puzzled, he picked it up and read:

"This is your first and last reading. Louis LeBlond will see that there are no more love notes here for you. The next time you come for a letter you'll get lead."

The note was written in pencil in an amateur hand and unsigned.

"Paradis!"

He had followed her canoe at a distance and, finding her note, had left this. And now LeBlond would not allow her out of his sight—would watch her as a lynx watches a rabbit. Jim Stuart had seen the last of the girl who had filled the living room at Sunset House with laughter—whose departure had left him lonely, vaguely restless, puzzled with himself.

Nice dog in the manger, this Paradi. The head man of LeBlond had only run true to form in spying on the girl who laughed at him. Then the angered Stuart rasped aloud: "Get lead, eh, if I come again? If I could meet Monsieur Paradis here, I'd come tomorrow!"

"Well today?" From the thick spruce in his rear a voice wheeled Jim in his tracks, as Paradis appeared in the brush back of the canoe, carrying a gun. Stuart was unarmed. With evident satisfaction, Paradis leered at the man who watched him.

"Well, Monsieur Stuart, here we are," taunted. "You have your weesh. What weel the writer of love notes do about set?"

"You're a pretty specimen of a man, Paradi," said Jim coolly, refusing to take the situation seriously. "You swing a gun on me, then ask me what I intend to do. Drop that gun and come down here on the beach, if you're not afraid, and I'll show you what I'll do about it."

"Ah, he boozes," Paradis grumbled in derision.

"Well, there's only one way to call a bluff," drawled Jim. "You hold the cards. It's your play."

"Yes, it es my play," As Paradis bent with laughter, Jim edged a yard nearer. "But I have not made up my mind whether to shoot you for de insult you give me—or take you to Louis LeBlond and let you taste de sting of Black Jules' dog whip."

At the fantastic threat the hard-thinking Stuart grinded in derision, but the situation was not humorous. Was this wild-eyed Paradis, fingerling the trigger of his rifle, fifteen feet away, unbalanced over the girl—or drunk? Either condition was equally dangerous with that gun.

"Shoot me, eh?" Jim scoffed, alighting a moccasin a foot nearer the man who covered him. "You'd hang, if



"Take Me to LeBlond. It's His Daughter. Let Him Settle It!"

my man, Omar, didn't get you first, and they'll run the North-West Trading company out of the bush." Then an idea flashed through his active brain as the inflamed eyes of Paradis glared at him. "Take me to LeBlond. It's his daughter. Let him settle it."

"I settle my own affair." The face of Paradis was distorted with passion. Slowly he brought the rifle to his shoulder.

Stuart's heart started with a leap. The man was crazed! He would shoot!

With a desperate bound Jim strained to reach the madman—to deflect his aim; but fell, sprawled in low brush far short of his goal, as Paradis backed away, his gun still covering his enemy.

"Ah!" chuckled the other, "that was worth de blow in de face at Medicine Stone!" he said, as he swam beside the boat. "Look

long into the water as his rifle exploded. Rising beyond reach of the boat, for an instant he beat the water desperately; then sank. As he rose again to the surface, coughing from swallowed water, Stuart gripped his collar to push the floundering Paradis to the boat; but, frantic with fear, the drowning man flung himself at Jim's neck.

Holding the struggling Paradis away with a stiff left arm, Jim sucked in a deep breath and sank beneath the surface; then, as he rose, struck the gasping man fiercely in the face. The fingers which clutched Jim's shirt relaxed, and he pushed the half-conscious trader to the boat floating bottom up.

"Now, can you hear that dog-whip sing?" he laughed. But the man Jim held beside the overturned canoe was too busy coughing up water to hear—too frightened to answer.

"You're a clever man with the Indians, Paradis, but there's some tricks you don't know," taunted Jim, as he swam beside the boat. "Look

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WEST PARIS

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell and
Mr. and Mrs. William Bailey of Quincy,
Mass., have been guests at B. F.
Dunham's.

News has been received here of the
serious illness from shock of Harry
Hamilton of Greenfield, Mass. Mr.
Hamilton married Miss Fannie Dun-
ham, daughter of the late S. W. Dun-
ham of West Paris. He has been as-
sociated in the shoe business for a
long time with the Dunham Bros., of
Brattleboro, Vt.

Mrs. Adna West of South Paris was
the guest Thursday of Rev. Eleanor
B. Forbes.

Mrs. Harold Gammon has been quite
ill from a severe cold and absence in a
gland.

EDWIN H. BROWN

Many friends were deeply saddened
by the passing from earth life Friday
morning of Edwin Hannibal Brown,
of Paris, 1st stanza.

Rev. E. B. Forbes

Gerald Weston, the elder son of
Jessie Weston, entertained a
group of little friends Monday on the
occasion of his sixth birthday. Games
and refreshments served, which included a birthday cake with
cream. Ronald received pretty
gifts. Those present were Patricia
Ham, Helen Ross, Frank Packard,
Ken Kay, Douglas Kay, Herbert
van Proctor, S. Thomas Emery,
erman Cole, David Dunham, Clara
Weston, and the host, Ronald
Weston.

The Good Will Society held their an-
nual meeting Wednesday afternoon.

Officers were elected for the ensuing
year and all reports satisfactory.

There were twenty present, including
visits from South Woodstock and one
from Mechanic Falls. During the
hour mystery packages were sold
at a St. Patrick's buffet lunch enjoy-
the proceeds to be given for mis-
work in the South.

Mr. Brown was united in marriage
with Miss Cora A. Judkins of West
Paris, who passed away two years
ago. A son survives of this union,
Charles L. Brown of Rumford, super-
intendent of the bag division of the
Continental Paper and Bag Corpora-
tion, Rumford. Surviving also is an
aged aunt, Maria E. Brown, of Boston,
and several cousins among whom are
John C. Parlin of Canton Point, and
Mrs. Agnes Brown Cotton of Boston.

He was an active member of the
Church of Our Father (Universalist),
Rumford, serving as trustee and clerk
for more than 20 years. Mr. Brown

was a charter member and past mas-
ter of West Paris Lodge, I. O. O. F., a
past master of Blazing Star Lodge,
R. and A. M. of Rumford, past high
priest of Royal Arch Chapter, Rum-
ford, a member of Strathglass Com-
mandery, Knights Templar, Rumford.
Mr. Brown was associated in busi-
ness for several years in West Paris
with his father under the firm name
of H. G. Brown and Son, manufac-
turing chairs, bicycle rims and clap-
boards.

In 1901 Mr. Brown moved with his
family to Rumford, where he engaged
in carpenter work with the late Ethan
Wills of West Paris. Later he was
employed as carpenter in the round
house of the Portland and Rumford
Falls Railroad, but for the past 20
years he has been employed as machinist
in the Continental Paper and Bag
Corporation.

About a year ago Mr. Brown broke
up his home in Rumford and came to
West Paris, and for the past 10 months

has been employed as machinist
in Association Block, Mrs. Dunham be-
ing both companion and nurse during
the serious illness of these months.

At Lisbon, N. H., he spent the early
part of his life.

Mr. Brown was the eldest of three
children born in Mr. and Mrs. Brown

—Charles, who died in childhood, and

Mrs. Jennie Brown Dunham of West

Paris.

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with Miss Cora A. Judkins of West
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boards.

Church at Rumford. Business world
and fraternal orders of Rumford.
Beautiful flowers from relatives,
friends, and societies of which he was
a member gave evidence of the high
esteem in which the deceased was
held. The bearers were: A. C. Per-
ham, C. P. Barlow, W. J. Farr, and
E. R. Berry. The interment in the
spring will be in the family lot in
West Paris cemetery.

NORTH NEWRY

Rev. Robert Haidane and Mr. Gray
of Errol, N. H., were calling in town

Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kilgore had for
callers Sunday Ezra and Chester
Chapman.

Mr. Kilgore has traded his Ford se-
dan for a 1931 Ford.

L. E. Wight went to Sunday River
and Bethel Saturday on business.

The whist party at S. P. Davis' was
well attended Thursday night, there
being eight tables at play. Refresh-
ments of sandwiches, cookies and cof-
fee were served.

Saturday night, Mrs. Davis had the
regular Circle Supper with a large
attendance.

Schools in town closed Friday for a
two weeks vacation.

An Easter pageant is being prepared
for Easter Sunday, with Miss Carrie
Wright in charge. It will be presented
at the church Sunday evening, with no
church services in the afternoon.

Hartley Hanscom returned home
from Andover this week.

John Zale of Rumford was in town
buying cattle one day last week.

Miss Margaret Vall is visiting her
aunt, Mrs. J. B. Vull.

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Mrs. Hall is visiting her daughter,
Mrs. Lemont Brooks.

Vera Dunham has been quite ill the
past week.

War Hero Is Now a Window Washer



David E. Hayden was found the other day in Los Angeles washing windows at 20 cents an hour. Nearly fourteen years ago at Thionneourt, in France, he crawled across No Man's Land, a wounded officer on his back, disregarding machine gun fire to save his comrade's life. For this deed the United States gave him the Congressional Medal of Honor; France, a Croix de Guerre with two palms and a star and her Medal of Commemoration; Italy, her War Cross; Portugal, her rare War Cross. "To David E. Hayden, nineteen, youngest war hero," read the citations. "I'm not kooking," emphatically declared Hayden, now thirty-three years old. "It's work, isn't it? Maybe not the kind I should prefer, but I want to work."

Winifred Bryant was ill over the weekend and unable to attend school for a two weeks vacation. The teacher, Miss Monday.

Newton and Wilmer Bryant spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Durward.

Wilmer Bryant is hauling logs to Greenwood Centre mill to be sawed

March 21st is the first day of Spring but does not look that way here. The snow and blow of Sunday and Sunday night required considerable shoveling.

Wesley Ring is cutting logs to haul to the mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemont Brooks were callers at Colby Ring's and Newton Bryant's Tuesday.

Let's Boost the Home Newspaper—

EVERY WEEK the readers of the CITIZEN have the latest news from our own reporters in from twenty to forty communities, and in addition the following features not to be found in the other weekly newspapers in this section

Here and There In Maine

"Under Frozen Stars"

A Serial by George Marsh

Forgotten Heroes

Several Short Stories

Current News Pictures

A Weekly Letter

By Rev. D. S. Brooks

Two-Minute Sermon

How Much do You Know?

Recommend the Citizen to Your Neighbor

ss on this Coupon to a Friend or Relative

Oxford County Citizen,
Bethel, Maine

Here's my Dollar, send the Citizen for six months to

Address

A subscription to the Citizen costs
but \$2 per year; \$1 for six months,
well within the means of everyone.
In helping the Citizen secure new
subscribers our readers are assuring
themselves of a continually better
newspaper. A larger subscription
list means more advertising and
the increased revenue assures the
best type of feature stories and a
wider field of local activity and news



THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents. Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week. Any changes or copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

For Sale—New milk cows. Also teams of different kinds, good clear seed to plant. IRVING H. WILSON, Bethel, Me. 52

ACCREDITED R. L. RED CHICKS \$15.00 per hundred. Write for prices on larger orders. Eggs selected for size and disinfected before being placed in incubator. Pedigreed cockerels used in mating. G. K. HASTINGS & SONS, Bethel. 49t

FOR SALE—My house which is newly built. Dimensions 10 ft. by 12 ft. and very nicely built. Fine for sleeping porch or summer house. Easily moved and has never been used. MRS. ERVA GOTTL, Bethel. 50p

FOR SALE—Fitted Hard Wood, \$15.00 cord. Slabs and edgings, \$5.00. Good trade in second hand cars. VEAN BEAN, Bethel. 29t

Wanted

DEPENDABLE MAN between thirty and sixty to handle GUARANTEED line of BURR'S BEST TREES and other nursery stock grown by New England's largest. No experience necessary. Liberal commission. Reference: Drawer B, Manchester, Conn. 51

WANTED—Housework by week or hour. For information call Citizen Office. 50p

Miscellaneous

Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and Trap-pers Supplies, bought, sold and exchanged. H. I. BEAN, Fur Buyer and Lumber Dealer, Bethel, Maine. 23t

Forgotten Heroes

By Elmo Scott Watson

Three Hundred to One
DOWNS IN Oklahoma stands a monument of native stone which commemorates one of the most remarkable stories of desperate valor in all frontier history. It marks the spot where Pat Hennessy bravely faced odds of 300 to 1 and true to the frontier code "held his life dearly."

Pat was an old time Fort Sill freighter and in the spring of 1870 was on his way from Caldwell, Kan., to the fort with a wagon train. He was accompanied by three other men. When "jumped" by a band of some 300 Cheyenne Indians, his companions became frightened and tried to escape north along the trail. Immediately they were surrounded and cut down.

In the meantime Hennessy had sought shelter among some rocks—a little natural fortress, from which his rifle unaimed, the savages at their approach, confident in their overwhelming numbers, the Cheyennes dashed forward to within 20 yards of Pat's stronghold. Resting his rifle on the rock in front of him and not taking the trouble to aim, he cocked it with one hand and pulled the lever and trigger with the other. A continuous load of bullets poured into the mass of savages. They broke and retreated.

But they came back again—this time in front and at both sides. Again Pat's deadly fire in front caused them to break and they so acted around to the side where they attempted to climb up the overhanging rocks and get at him from there. Failing in this they tried another frontal attack and surged up to within ten feet of the white man who fired his revolver point-blank into their faces until he had emptied it. Pulling up his rifle again, he continued to fire. And then—the gun jammed!

The rifle had become so hot and dirty from constant firing that a cartridge stuck fast and his desperate efforts to extract it were useless. In another moment the Indians would have been retreating, but when the firing stopped, they believed his ammunition was exhausted and pressed forward. Hennessy met them with clubbed rifle but the savage masses overpowered him. Infiltrated by the toll he had exacted, he was forced to lay dead on the ground, they scalped him, tied him to the wheel of one of his wagons, emptied sacks of oats around him and set them on fire. For a few minutes there was a writhing figure surrounded by flames and then the spirit of Pat Hennessy passed on to that Valhalla reserved for warriors who know how to die but not how to surrender.

18. 1887 Western Hemisphere Co. Inc.

Great genius to art doesn't mind going to work knowing that the next effort will probably be rewarded with a 0.10 cent of greenbacks.

Keep busy and you won't need to be a tycoon, say the farthest-edged philosophers; but everybody knows it is a lot to substitute.

The "One Arm"

By STANDISH B. REAMER
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)
(TWN Service)

LANE THOMAS wandered aimlessly along "Bowl Mich," utterly indifferent to the jostling of the noonday crowds. Seemingly nothing attracted his attention. Yet nothing of moodiness, nor even thoughtfulness, appeared to be occupying his mind.

Lane was aimless. At the moment he had nothing on his mind of import, even an objective for the walk. For an hour he had been roaming about the loop district, with no purpose in mind, then the movement of the crowd or some other impulse not of his own, caused him to turn into "Bowl Mich." Equally unconsciously he turned with a section of the crowd into Randolph street.

Lane was aimless. At the moment he had nothing on his mind of import, even an objective for the walk. For an hour he had been roaming about the loop district, with no purpose in mind, then the movement of the crowd or some other impulse not of his own, caused him to turn into "Bowl Mich."

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